

PRIDE.

BY JOHN D. SAGE.

"A curious fact as ever was known,
Bat often in human nature shown,
Alike in the eastland cottage
That pride, like a fire, can burn
Will manage to live and thrive on food
As poor as a pauper's potage!"

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest thing is the pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from mere—
Not even a couple of rotten pieces—
A thing for laughter, flings and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it, snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend,
You may find it wasted on the end
By some plebeian vocation!

Or worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some woe thy relation.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Do not be haughty and put on airs,
With the insolent pride of station
Do not be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plain clothes,
But learn for the sake of your mind's repose,
That all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to mortification.

For the Carolina Spartan.

A REVERIE.

BY S. D. R.

"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,
If birds can confabulate or no."—GAY.

I happened one day to call at the house
of a friend, who resides in the most pleasant
part of our village. Everything in and
about the house gave signs of wealth and
taste. In the parlor, which was spacious,
there were sofas, ottomans, lamps, mirrors,
paintings, books, musical instruments—in
short, everything that a fashionable lady
could desire with which to adorn an elegant
room.

Being somewhat fatigued with my walk,
and learning that the lady of the house
was absent, but would return in a short time,
I threw myself on one of the soft ottomans,
and closing my eyes, was soon passing into
a most comfortable drowsiness;—that half
sleeping, half-waking condition, when one
enjoys the full luxury of sleep without its
oblivion. In this state the sense of hearing
is most acute. Presently a low murmuring
sound reached my ear; I listened, and it be-
came articulate. Judge my surprise when
I discovered that it proceeded from the beau-
tiful furniture I had just been admiring!

"Dear me," exclaimed the book-case, "how
tired I am of standing! Let me see—it
must be nearly ten years since I was posted
up here. Winter and summer, night and
day, have I been obliged to keep myself bolt
upright; I declare I don't think I can stand
it much longer."

"You had better complain, Mr. Secre-
tary," said the fine carpet. "I wonder how
you would like to lie flat on the floor all
your life time as I do—and every person
trampling you under foot too! Here I am
at the mercy of every one, and my precious
little merrit that I get, I suppose you won't
believe it, friend Secretary, but I was young
and handsome once; though my beauty is
fast fading. I am trampled on from sunrise
to sunset, beside getting a regular scratch
from Betty's broom every morning; yet I
bear it all in silence, and no one ever heard
me complain before, nor would you now,
only I heard my mistress say something
this morning about putting me into the
nursery, and getting another in my place.
So goes the world—old friends for new ones.
And am I to go into the nursery, well, if I
get amongst my little masters and mistresses,
I shall soon be torn to pieces. I have borne all
sorts of weight in my time, but now for
the first time I shall feel the weight of mis-
fortune."

"Well," returned the book case, with a
lofty air, "I begin to think it is desirable to
have a standing in society. I have always
been looked up to, at any rate, and, though
I say it, who should not say it, very few
people have more book knowledge."

"Who cares for your book knowledge?"
said the centre table. "I've got here in my
lap all the books that my lady wants to
read: The last London Annual and Quar-
terly Review, Bulwer's last and Marryat's
last, a Sketch-Book, and Serap Book, and
Port Folio of drawings, and Somebody's
Poems—all dressed like dolls, besides many
others. I'll tell you, Mr. Secretary, though
you carry your head high, you are not much
thought of. But you can't help seeing that
my mistress sets a great deal by me, and
thinks upon me very much."

"You had better boast of our lady's friend-
ship," said the chair, with a face as red as
fire; "you may depend I am the warmest
friend she has in the world, and a great
comfort I've been to her these long winter
evenings. Many's the time, as you know
very well, when they have pushed you away,
and turned their backs upon you—drawing
up to me in the most affectionate manner."

"If you never get a push," said the centre
table, "I believe you sometimes get a poke."
At this home thrust the grate colored up
to the brows. The rug had been lying be-
fore the fire very quietly, but hearing a near
neighbor attacked, seemed to think it time
to put in a word.

"The grate and I have been warm friends,"
it said, "this many a day, and I am always
sorry for its hard knocks—especially as I
generally get a peppering myself, and some-
times a single too."

"La! child," said the hearth brush, "you
needn't fret about the peppering;—don't I
always brush you off as clean as a whited
sheet?"

"O yes, and leave the marks of your
enmity fingers instead."

Now the rug was a very neat little body—
very choice—with a fine plush dress—
and very much annoyed at living in such a
dirty neighborhood.

"You complain of the dirt, do you?" said
the tongs, "now just look at my face. Why,
they send me head foremost into the coal
hod every day!"

"Never mind," said the astral lamp, "you
were made for a collier!"

"And pray what were you made for,
maharishi?" returned the other.

"I am a philosopher," replied the lamp.
"I throw light on every subject that is
brought before me. When my mistress
sits down on an evening to read, she never
pretends to see into the writer's meaning
without bringing the matter to me. And,
too, while my mistress is sewing, she will
tell you how much I lighten her labors."

"It appears to me," said the foot stool,
"that a little more modesty would be
coming."

"Modesty!" said the lamp, in some heat;
"who dares to insinuate anything against
my modesty, when I never appear in com-
pany without a veil; although those who
have seen me can testify that it conceals a
face which would dazzle every beholder. And
an insignificant cricket, whose stand-
ing is inferior to mine—whom everybody

looks down upon, and treads beneath their
feet—presumes to accuse me of a want of
modesty!"

"Peace!" said a soft, rich voice in a dis-
tant corner of the room. It was the harp.
"Peace! I pray you. Why disturb our har-
mony by these notes of discord? I was
dreaming over the sweet song which my
lady drew from me this morning. Its soft
airs still breathe through my soul. Her
touch sent a thrill of delight over my frame,
and my heart-strings still vibrate the sweet
remembrance. Your angry words grate
upon my ear, and make harsh discord."

"Yes, and you disturb me, too," squeak-
ed a violin; "I was thinking over Yankee
Doodle!"

A large pier glass, that had been quickly
reflecting on all that passed, now thought
proper to assert its claims to distinction.

"My friends," it said, "I perceive that you
all have a very good opinion of yourselves,
and each seems to think itself of more con-
sequence than the rest. Now, I don't wish to
presume too far, but my candid opinion
that our lady would give you all up sooner
than she would me. I really think she is
on more intimate terms with me than any
person else in the world. I am her private
counsellor in every thing pertaining to the
toilet. She consults me about the set of
every dress, and the style of her bonnet,
and the effect of her ribbons, and the ar-
rangement of her hair. She knows I am
always candid. I tell the truth, the whole
truth, and nothing but the truth. This is
more than she can say of any other friend.
If her bonnet, or the color of her dress, is
not becoming, I tell her so, and she gives
up to my opinion at once. She never goes
out of the house without consulting me. I
receive a great deal of notice, too, from the
ladies who visit my mistress. They always
consult me about their dress, and seem to
have as much respect for my opinion as she
does. Lastly my lady seems to like me
better than ever. For not long ago, when
she returned from a ball, she came to ask
me if her dress was in good order. While
she was standing before me her friend came
behind her, and said that was the finest face
in the ball room. Delighted with this
compliment, I exhibited a countenance all
radiant with smiles and blushes. Since
that my lady never passes this way without
casting a look of great complacency on me."

"Proud egotist!" exclaimed the Rocking
Chair, throwing itself back in lofty disdain,
"was there ever such a prating fool? But
every body knows you are a flat. You have
done nothing all the days of your life but
to minister to the vanity of the world; and
now I perceive that you are full of the
same quality yourself. Just consider how
much more useful I am. When my lady is
fatigued—tired of you and every one
else—she comes to me; I take her in my
arms, and rock her by the hour together."

I know not how much longer this gascon-
ade would have continued, but just then
the door opened, and the lady of the house
entered; which had the effect to awake me
and put everything else to sleep.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

The Mother Moulds the Child.

There is no disputing this fact: it shines
in the face of every little child. This coarse,
brawling, scolding woman will have vicious,
bawling, fighting children. She who cries
on every occasion, "I'll box your ears—I'll
slap your jaws—I'll break your neck," is
known as thoroughly through the children
as if her unwomanly manners were openly
displayed in the public streets.

These remarks were suggested by a con-
versation in an omnibus—that noble insti-
tution for the student of men and manners
—between a friend and schoolmaster. Our
teacher was caustic, mirthful and sharp.
His wit flashed like the polished edge of a
diamond, and kept the "bass in a roar."

The entire community of insiders—and
whoever is intimate with these conveyances
can form a pretty good idea of our numbers
—inclusive of the "one more" so well known
to the fraternity, their heads, eyes and ears
one way, and finally our teacher said:

I can always tell the mother by the boy.
The archer who draws back with double
fist and lunges at his playmate if he looks
at him askance, has a very questionable
mother. She may feel and clothe him,
cream him with sweetmeats, and coax him
with promises; but if she gets mad, she
fights. She will pull him by the jacket, she
will give him a knock on the back, she will
drag him by the hair, she will call him all
sorts of wicked names, while passion plays
over her face in lambent flames that curl
and writhe out the corners of her eyes.

And we never see the courteous little fel-
low with smooth locks and gentle manners,
in whom delicacy does not detract from
courage and manliness, but we say "that
boy's mother is a true lady. Her words and
ways are soft, loving and quiet. If she re-
proves, her language is 'my son'—not 'you
little wretch'—plague of my life—you tor-
ment—you scamp."

She hovers before him as a pillar of light
before the wandering Israelites, and her
beams are reflected in his face. To him the
world mother is synonymous with every-
thing pure, sweet and beautiful. Is he an
artist? In after life the face that with lo-
ly radiance shines on his canvases will be
the mother's face. Whoever lifts across his path
with sunny smiles, and soft, low voice, will
bring his mother's image freely to his breast.
She is like my mother, will be the highest
need of his praise. Not even when the
hair turns silver and the eyes grow dim,
will the majesty of that life and presence
desert him.

But the ruffian mother—alas! that there
are such—will form the ruffian character of
the man. He, in turn, will become a mer-
ciless tyrant, with a tongue sharper than a
two-edged sword, and remembering the
bawling and the cussing, seek some meek,
gentle victim, for the sacrifice, and make
her his wife, with the condition that she
shall be master. And master he is, for a
few short years, when he wears the widow-
er's weed till he finds a victim number two.

We wonder not there are so many awk-
ward, ungainly men in society—they have
been trained by women who do not care
for the holy nature of their trust. They
have been made bitter to the heart's core,
and that bitterness will find vent and lodg-
ing somewhere.

Strike the infant in anger, and he will, if
he cannot reach you, vent his passion by
beating the floor, the chair, or any inani-
mate thing within reach. Strike him re-
peatedly, and by the time he wears shoes
he will become a little bully, with hands
that double to fight as naturally as if spe-
cial pains had been taken to teach him the
art of boxing.

Why is venison like a lost friend? Be-
cause it is the deer departed.

BOU-AKAS, BEN-ACHOUR, AND THE JUST CADI.

BY A. DUMAS.

In the Fredj Oualh lives a Sheikh named
Bou-Akas-ben-Achour, a descendant of one
of the oldest families of the country, as we
find by Ibn Rabadoun's history of Arab and
Berber dynasties. Bou-Akas is a perfect
type of the Arab of the East. His ances-
tors conquered Fredj Oualh (the country);
he has consolidated and reigns over it. Af-
ter deciding to recognise the power of
France, he sent a horse of Gada in token of
submission, but has constantly refused to go
to Constantine, alleging an oath he has
made against it: the fact is, he fears to be
retained as a prisoner. He pays a tribute
of 80,000 francs. Every year after harvest,
at the same day and hour, by the same
gate, enter the camels that bring the money;
not even a cent is ever wanting.

Bou-Akas is forty-nine years old, dressed
like the Kabyles, in a *gandoura* of woolen,
held by a leather belt, with a fine cord
around the head; he carries a pair of pistols
by his side, the *Fabyle fissa*, and a little
black knife about his neck. Before him
stalks a negro with his gun, and a large
hound bounds at his side.

When one of the twelve tribes he rules
has done him any wrong, he merely sends
his negro to their chief village. The negro
displays the gun of Bou-Akas, and the dam-
age is repaired.

There are two or three hundred *Tallas*
in his pay, who read the Koran to the
people. Every individual making a pilgrim-
age to Mecca on calling on him, receives
three francs, remains so long as he likes in
Fredj Oualh, at the Sheikh's expense; but if
he discovers a fugitive pilgrim, two emissar-
ies find him wherever he may be, throw
him face downward, and bestow on him
five strokes of the bastinado. He has some-
times three hundred persons to dine; he
then walks around overseeing the domestics;
if there is anything left, he eats, but al-
ways last.

When the governor of Constantine, the
only authority he acknowledges, sends him
a traveller, he gives him his gun, his dog
or his knife, according to the importance of
the traveller, or the urgency of the recom-
mendation. If he gives his gun, the stranger
shoulders it; if he gives the dog, he takes it
in a bag; and with one or the other of these
tokens, each of which specifies the de-
gree of honor to be rendered, the traveller
goes through the twelve tribes without dan-
ger, and is lodged and fed gratuitously, for
he is the guest of Bou-Akas. When he
leaves the Fredj Oualh, he turns over the
gun, dog or knife to the first Arab he meets.
If the Arab is hunting, he quits the chase;
if farming, he drops the plough; if at home,
he leaves it, to carry the pledge to his
Sheikh. The well known little knife with
a black handle has given its name to Bou-
Akas—Bou-Dejenoui, the man with the
knife; for it is with this he cuts off heads; if
he thinks the necessity for prompt justice
demands it. When he came into power
there were a great many robbers about; the
Sheikh adopted the plan of disguising him-
self as a simple trader, and letting fall a
dour, of which he never lost sight; if the
person who picked it up put it in his pocket,
Bou-Akas made a sign to his executioner,
disguised like himself, and off went the
culprit's head. The Arabs say that a child
may now traverse the twelve tribes with a
crown of gold on his head without risk.

Bou-Akas has a high respect for women,
and has ordered that, when they fill their
goatskins at the fountains, the men are to
stand aside and not pass before them. With-
ing to know what the sex thought of him,
and meeting a pretty Arab girl along the
banks of the stream he approached her, and
entered on a light chat. The woman looked
at him in astonishment, and said: "Leave
me handsome cavalier, for you do not
know the risk you run." As he still con-
tinued to annoy her with his nonsense, she
resumed: "Have you come from so great
a distance that you do not know you are in
the country of 'the man with the knife,'
where women are respected?"

One day the Sheikh heard that a Cadi of
one of his tribes rendered judgment worthy
of Solomon; like another Haroun-el-Raschid,
he wished to know for himself. Disguised
as a simple horseman, without his distin-
guished arms, mounted on a thoroughbred
horse, which however, betrayed nothing of
the greatness of the owner, he started.

Now it happened that he arrived at the
fortunate city in which this Cadi had dis-
pensed justice on a fair day, consequently a
court day. At the gate of the town he met
the Sheikh who asked him, clinging to the
Cadi's *barbours* as did the beggar to St.
Martin's cloak.

"What more would ye have?" asked Bou-
Akas. "You asked alms and I have given it."

"True," replied the Cadi; "but the law
does not merely say, 'thou shalt give alms
to thy brother'; but also, 'thou shalt do all
that thou art able for him.'"

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"You can save me from being trampled
under foot by the crowd of men, mules, and
camels in the town."

"By taking me up behind you until we
get to the market place, where I have busi-
ness."

"So be it." And with some difficulty he
mounted the cripple behind him.

The market was reached, "Get down,"
said the Sheikh.

"Get down yourself," said the cripple.

"To help you? Certainly."

"No; to give me your horse—he belongs
to me."

"We shall see."

"We are in the city of the just Cadi."

"I know that."

"And you will have me taken up before
him?"

"And do you suppose, when he sees you
with sound legs and me with cripple ones,
he will not say the horse belongs to him
who has most need of him?"

"If he says so," replied Bou-Akas, "he
will have erred in his judgment."

"They call him just," rejoined the cripple
laughing, "but not infallible."

"Good!" said Bou-Akas to himself, "there
is a fine opportunity for me to judge the
judge." So he pushed through the crowd,
leading his horse by the bridle, the cripple
perched like a monkey, and reached the tri-
bunal where the judge was dispensing jus-
tice after the Oriental mode.

The first case was between a Taleb and
a peasant—that is, between a man of let-
ters and a laborer. The peasant had car-
ried off the Taleb's wife, and insisted that
she was his. The woman would not ac-
knowledge either as her husband. The
judge listened to both parties, and then
said: "Leave the woman with me, and re-

turn to-morrow." The men saluted and
withdrew.

The next case was between a butcher
and an oil seller; the latter was covered with
oil, the butcher spotted with blood. The
butcher began: "I want to buy oil of this
man; I took out my purse to pay him; it
was full of money; he was tempted by it,
and seized me by the wrist I shouted 'thief!'
but he would not let me go; so we came to-
gether before you, I clenched my money
and he my wrist. Now, I swear by Maho-
met that he is a liar, when he says I took
his money; the money is mine."

Then spoke the oil seller: "This man
came to buy a bottle of oil of me; and after
I had filled the bottle, he asked me if I could
change a piece of gold. I took a handful
of money from my pocket and laid it on the
threshold of my shop; he snatched it, and
was going off with the oil and money, when
I seized him by the wrist and shouted
'thief!' In spite of my shouts he would
not give it up, and I have brought him
here that you may judge between us. I
swear by Mahomet that this man is a liar,
and the money is mine."

The Cadi made each plaintiff repeat his
story; neither varied. "Leave the money
with me," he said, "and return to-morrow."

Now came the turn of Bou-Akas and the
cripple.

"My lord judge," said the Sheikh, "I
come from a distant city to buy merchan-
dise in this market. At the gate of this
town I found this cripple, who first asked
alms of me, and then begged me take him
up, as he feared he should be trampled in
the crowd of men, mules and camels. Ar-
rived at the market-place he would not get
down, but claimed my horse; and when I
threatened him with justice—'Pshaw, the
Cadi is too sensible a man to doubt that the
horse belongs to him who holds him most,'
he replied. I swear by Mahomet, this is
the simple truth my lord."

Next rejoined the cripple: "My lord, I
was coming here on business upon this horse
of mine, when I saw this man seated by the
road side, as if half dead. I stopped to ask
if he had met with any accident. He an-
swered not; but that he was exhausted with
fatigue, and begged me for charity to bring
him to this city, where he had business. I
did so; but what was my surprise, when he
ordered me to dismount, and said the horse
was his. So I brought him to you. This
is the truth, I swear by Mahomet."

The Cadi made each repeat his disposi-
tion.

"Leave me the horse," he ordered, "and
return to-morrow."

The next morning not only the parties
concerned, but a great crowd, led by their
curiosity, appeared at the tribunal. The Taleb
and the peasant were called first.

"Take your wife off," said the judge to
the Taleb, "she is certainly yours."

Then turning to the executioners, he or-
dered them to give the peasant fifty strokes
of the bastinado. The butcher and oil seller
were next summoned.

"Take your money," said the Cadi to the
butcher, and it never belonged to that man,
and he ordered the oil seller fifty strokes of
the bastinado. The third case came on.

"Should you recognise your horse among
twenty others?" asked the judge of Bou-
Akas.

"Certainly."

"And you?" to the cripple.

"Certainly."

"Come with me," continued to Bou-Akas.
They went together, and the Sheikh pointed
out his horse among the twenty. Go-
back to the tribunal and send me your an-
swers."

The cripple hurried to the stable as fast
as his legs would let him; but as his eyes
were good, he also recognized the horse.

"Very well," said the judge; "now follow
me to the tribunal."

The judge returned to his seat, and every-
body awaited the slow return of the cripple
with impatience. At last he appeared, all
out of breath. "The horse is yours," said
the Cadi to Bou-Akas, "go to the stable and
take him—fifty stripes on that man's back,"
he ordered for the cripple.

The Cadi, on reaching home, found Bou-
Akas waiting for him. "Are you dissatis-
fied?" he asked.

"Quite the contrary," answered the
Sheikh; "but I want to ask by what inspi-
ration you render justice; for I cannot doubt
that the other judgments are as equitable
as my own—I am Bou-Akas, Sheikh of
Fredj Oualh; and having heard of you, I
wished to know you."

The judge would have kissed his chief's
hand, but Bou-Akas would not permit it.
"Come, I am in a hurry to know how you
discovered the truth in these three cases,"
he asked.

"It is very simple. You know I kept
the woman, the money, and the horse
through the night. Well, at midnight, I
had the woman awakened and brought to
me. 'Fill my inkstand!' I said to her. She
took the inkstand, took out the cotton,
washed it neatly, replaced it in its case, and
poured in fresh ink. Then I said to my-
self: 'The wife of a peasant would know
nothing about inkstands; she is the wife of
the Taleb.'"

"Good!" said Bou-Akas "but the money?"

"Did you observe that the oil seller was
covered with oil, and especially how greasy
his hands were?"

"Yes, well?"

"Well, I put the money into a vessel of
water; I examined it this morning; there
was no sign of oil on the surface. Conse-
quently, I decided that the money belong-
ed to the butcher. Had it belonged to the
oil seller, it would have been greasy, and oil
would have floated on the water."

"Good; but my horse?"

"Ah, I was greatly puzzled about that,
until this morning."

"Then, the cripple did not recognise the
horse?"

"Yes, quite as boldly and positively as
yourself. But—my idea was not to see if
you would recognize the horse, but if he
would know you. Thus, when you ap-
proached him, he neighed; when the cripple
came near him, he lashed out. So I
gave him to you."

Bou-Akas reflected a moment, and then
said: "The Taleb is with you; you should
have my place, and I yours. Yet, on the
whole, although I am sure you are worthy
to be Sheikh, I am not certain that I am
fit to be Cadi."

In passing down one of our back streets,
a few days ago, we overheard a colloquy
between a couple of darkies, and was just
in time to hear the following:—Now,
looker yer, Charlie, Jim must be an honest
nigger, and then again he must not, but
I was a chicken, and knowed that he was
about the yard, I-I-I yer wot, nigger, I-I-
roost high, I would!

Banks and Banking.

Our Legislature is flooded with bills and
resolutions on the subject of Banks and
Banking. We doubt whether anything
definite will be agreed upon amid this con-
flict of views. Generally, when such con-
flict of opinion prevails, the discussions
weary the active minds of our legislators, or,
like the Dutch squires after hearing both
sides of a question, they are unable or un-
willing to decide one way or other—and
determine to do nothing. We fear it will
be so on this matter of banks.

Anticipating that little or nothing will
be done by the Legislature, Hon. John
Iard Middleton introduced into the Senate
a resolution requesting our Senators and
Representatives in Congress to procure an
amendment of the Constitution of the United
States, forbidding the banks to issue
bills of a less denomination than twenty
dollars. This resolution came up for dis-
cussion on the 27th, when the following de-
bate took place, which shows the temper of
that body, and foreshadows the fate of the
resolution:

Mr. Middleton addressed the Senate in
support of the resolution. He said in sub-
stance that he was not aware that the sub-
ject would come up for discussion so soon,
and he was not therefore prepared to enter
into its consideration with that care which
its importance demands. Still he would
say a word or two on the resolution. The
country was surrounded by financial diffi-
culties. There was great monetary distress,
not only among ourselves, but abroad. Af-
ter several years of almost unexampled pros-
perity, we were reduced to nearly the con-
dition of a savage people, who barter and
exchange their commodities. We were
without a currency, such a one as meets
our commercial wants. This state of things
has occurred in a time of profound peace,
and of great abundance of all the necessar-
ies of life. Our granaries were full to burst-
ing. The public expected that the Legis-
lature would do something to alleviate the
distress—at least to prevent its recurrence,
if that be possible.

The question is, what remedy can be
adopted. There were many projects pro-
posed, some of which he approved, and
others he could not approve. Are our
means for applying the remedy ample? He
is not one of those who impute blame to
the banks of this State for what has occur-
red. They were the victims of a bad sys-
tem, rather than the perpetrators of the
wrong. The evil was an inflated, irredeem-
able currency; the project to prevent this
is to take from the banks of this State the
power of issuing bills of a less denomina-
tion than \$20. But what is to hinder the
banks of Georgia and North Carolina to is-
sue small notes, and to drive from our midst
specie currency? Can we effluinate the re-
medy with this difficulty in our way? We
shall not arrest the evil. There is no other
resource than to apply to a superior power.
He was much opposed to the exercise by
Congress of constructive powers. We can
clear of that difficulty by amending the
Constitution of the United States, which
requires the consent of two thirds of both
houses of Congress, and has to be after-
wards ratified by three-fourths of the States.

The proposition was not that Congress
should prohibit the circulation of bills of a
less denomination than \$20, but that the
Constitution should be so amended as to
prohibit such issues.

The proposed amendment will require
two or three years for perfecting it, and con-
sequently the monetary system of the coun-
try will suffer no sudden shock. The con-
vulsions of the country will be prepared
for the change. If this scheme fails, he
knew not how the evil of a paper currency
can be remedied. It will give us a mixed
currency of paper and specie. We have
now nothing but a paper currency. This
State has been guilty of inflicting this evil
by allowing the Bank of the State to issue
small bills. Let us hold ourselves up to
the world as a specie paying people, and in
favor of the Subtreasury scheme.

We must experience, under any system,
a periodical crisis. We cannot remedy the
evil altogether. There will ever be a flux
and reflux in commerce. Look abroad,
look to England, and we will find that she
is subject to these variations, and fluctua-
tions. It is not so on the Continent of Eu-
rope. The people there trust less to a pa-
per currency. They are a specie paying
people. There are too many revolutions
among them to deal exclusively in paper.
They have no small bills, only those of a
large denomination. England has attempted
this scheme, but has hitherto failed.